

The Santa Claus Club

By

Santa Claus
For
President

L. J. Bridgman



H. M. Caldwell
Company
New York and Boston



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*This certifies that the owner of
this book, namely,*

*is a member of The Santa Claus Club
and is entitled to all club privileges.*

Miss L. Town

Holly Berry



The Santa Claus Club

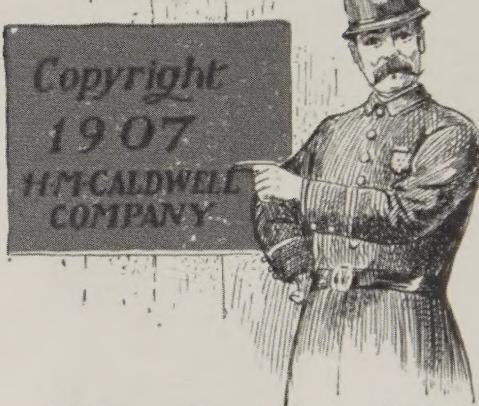
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Illustrated
by
Bridgman



H. M. Caldwell
Company
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Published simultaneously in the United
States, Great Britain, Canada,
and British Possessions.

Introductory.



Did you ask at what age
one may join our big club ?

Let's ask young and
old, this December;

But I fear that the young-
est can't tell us at all,

And the oldest, - he
doesn't remember.



Just about in the middle
of Boy-and-girl-town
There is growing a great
Christmas tree,
And 'twas there that a pos-
ter, nailed fast to its bark,
Brought the town's peo-
ple crowding to see.



“FOR NEXT PRESIDENT, SANTA
CLAUS,”

-that in large type,

With a portrait as big
as a tub,

Was upon the huge poster,

and then followed this:
“Join the glorious Santa
Claus Club.”

FOR NEXT P
SANTA CLA



Join the
Santa

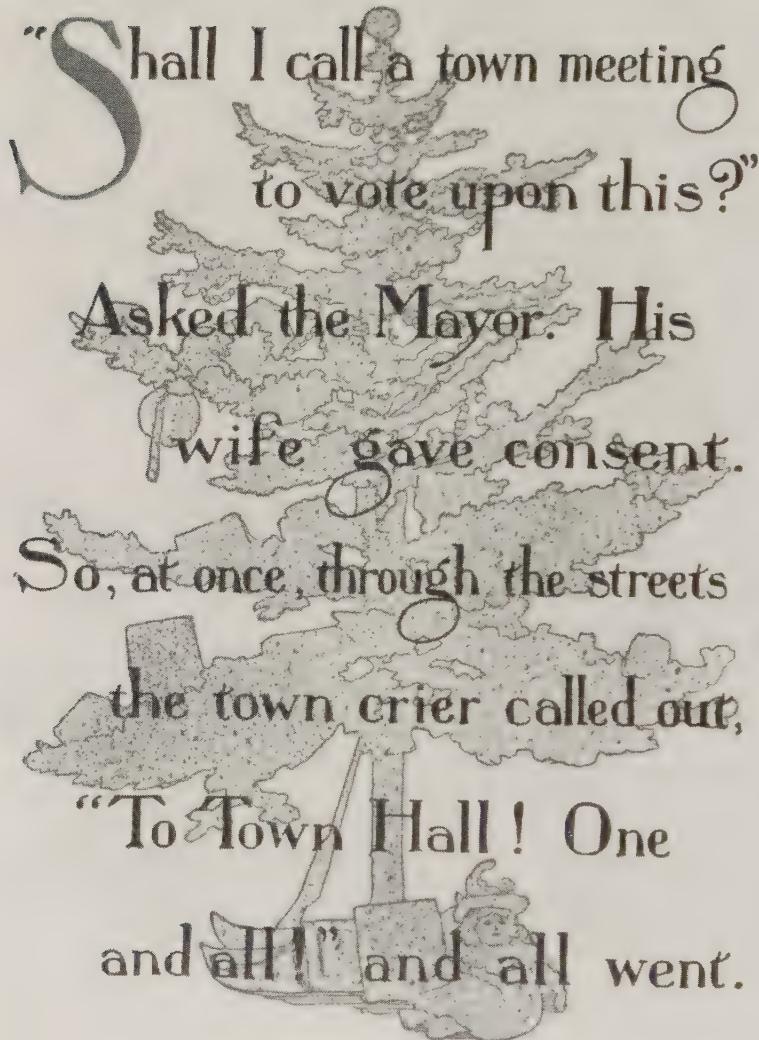


So I asked a wise Ad-
miral standing close by,
Very wise, — he was
never at sea —
What they wished to make
Santa Claus president of
"Of the whole blessed
nation," said he.



Then the schoolmaster cried
with the greatest delight,
"I'm for Santa Claus!
Think what he's done!
Let us reckon the gifts he's
received in return;
Two times two minus four
equals none!"




"Shall I call a town meeting
to vote upon this?"
Asked the Mayor. His
wife gave consent.
So, at once, through the streets
the town crier called out,
"To Town Hall! One
and all!" and all went.



Such a crowd! 'Twas too
big to get into the hall,
So they went to the town's
largest field.
All were talking at once, from
His Honor, the Judge,
To McManus's piggie
that squealed.



Hip, hurrah!" the Judge
joyfully led in the cheers,
"Hip, hurrah for old Santa!
Hear ye!
Who desires to join the new
Santa Claus Club?"
And McManus's piggie
Said, "Wee!"



Much to people's surprise,
at this point there arose
Mistress Mary Contrary.
Said she,
"Mother Goose is my choice
for a ruler; just think
What an excellent
Queen she would be!"



"Mother Goose! Mother Goose!"

exclaimed little Bo-peep.

"Toot-a-toot I" blew the
little Boy Blue.

Tom, the son of the piper
joined in with his pipes

And the woman who

lived in a shoe.



“While we love Mother Goose,”
the town crier remarked,

“I am sure we object to a
Queen.”

Then a liveried flunkey said,

folding his arms,
“Noisy fellow! Now isn’t
he mean?”



"Tell me why we love San-
ta," the toy maker said,

"For your answer I here
make a pause."

Then he stared at a flock
of black crows overhead,

For each crow answered
back to him, "Cause!"



When the poet began, they
all thought he'd declare
That he wished to elect
Mother Goose,
But he said, "I'm for Santa.
He buys all my books,
Well,—unless he has
some good excuse."



Then the jockey rode up
and called, waving his cap,
"Now three cheers and a
tiger I say,
For old Santa Claus! Can
any donkey object?"
And the jockey's horse an-
swered him, "Neigh!"



"Mother Goose!" cried the fiddlers who played for King Cole,

"Mother Goose for a sovereign,
say we!"

And they made their three fiddles squeak out like a cheer.

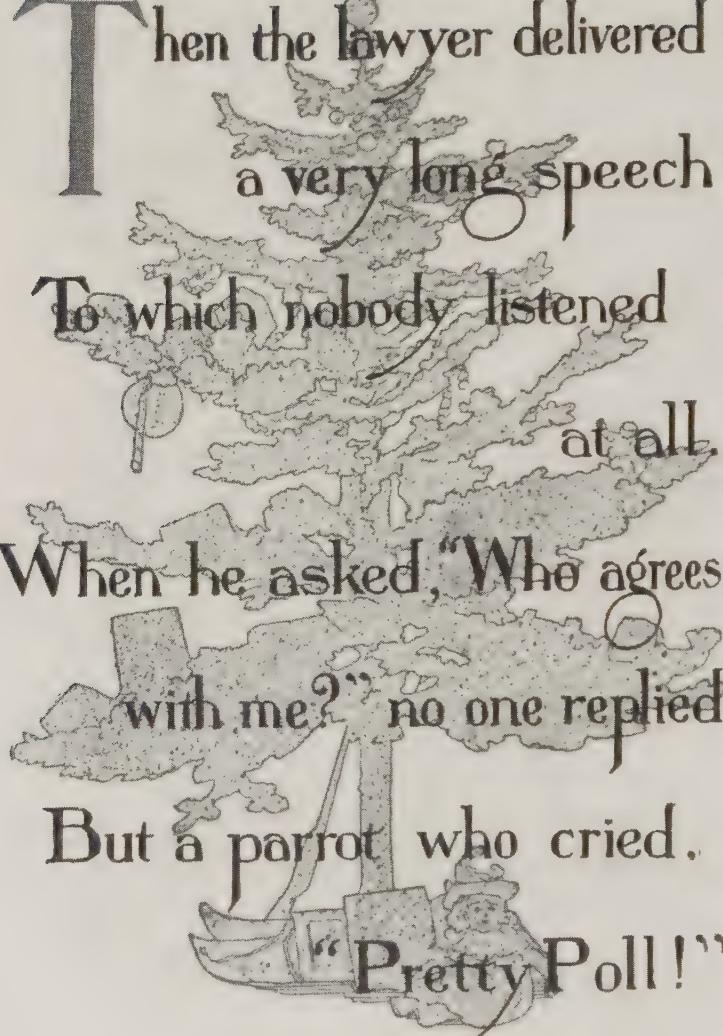
To express what their feelings might be.



Up the farmer's boy came
with a romping red calf,
And he cried, "Now for San-
ty, hurrrah!
And I bring the best wishes
of pa and of—" Then
That red calf interrupted
with "Ma!"



Then the Lawyer delivered
a very long speech
To which nobody listened
at all.
When he asked, "Who agrees
with me?" no one replied
But a parrot who cried,
"Pretty Poll!"





“ Let’s get badges or buttons
to wear”, said Fat Hans,

“To the Santa Claus Club
let’s apply”,

And he stepped on the tail
of his little dachshund

Who responded then

quickly, “Aye-aye!”



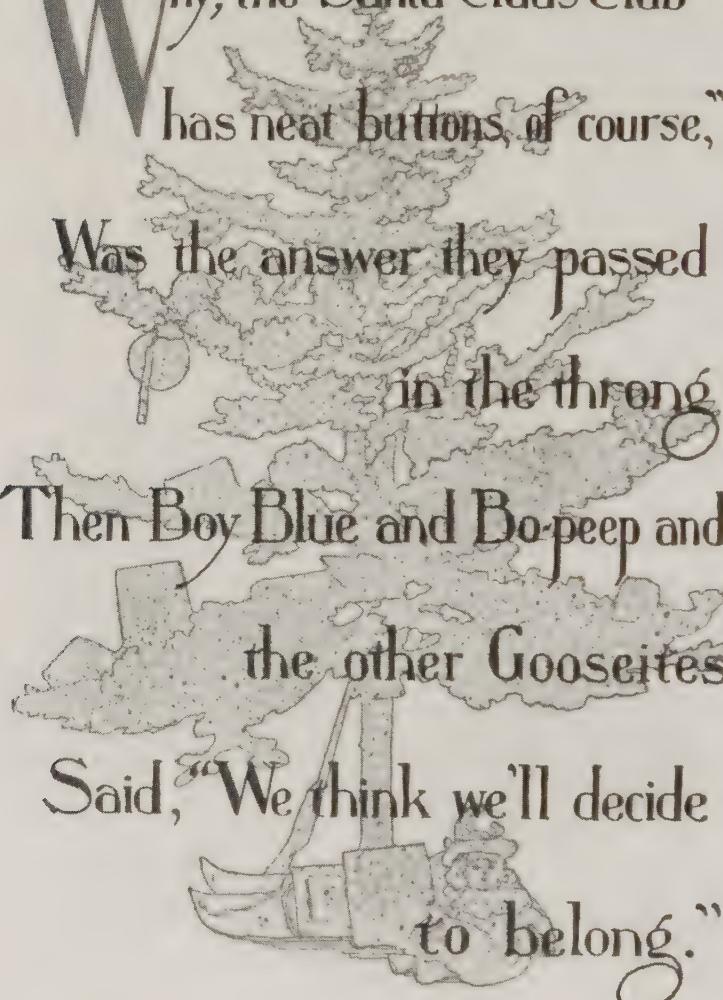
Campaign buttons! Yes, who
has the buttons to wear?

Was the cry from the San-
ta Claus crowd.

What? You're going to have
buttons? the Mother Goose folks

Asked in voices excited
and loud.




"Why, the Santa Claus Club
Has neat buttons, of course,"
Was the answer they passed
in the throng.
Then Boy Blue and Bo-peep and
the other Gooseites
Said, "We think we'll decide
to belong."



"Ah! That settles it then!" laughed
the Mayor, "And now,
I will send for the buttons
today.
So go home and be patient.
the buttons will come."
Off each went on his
own happy way.

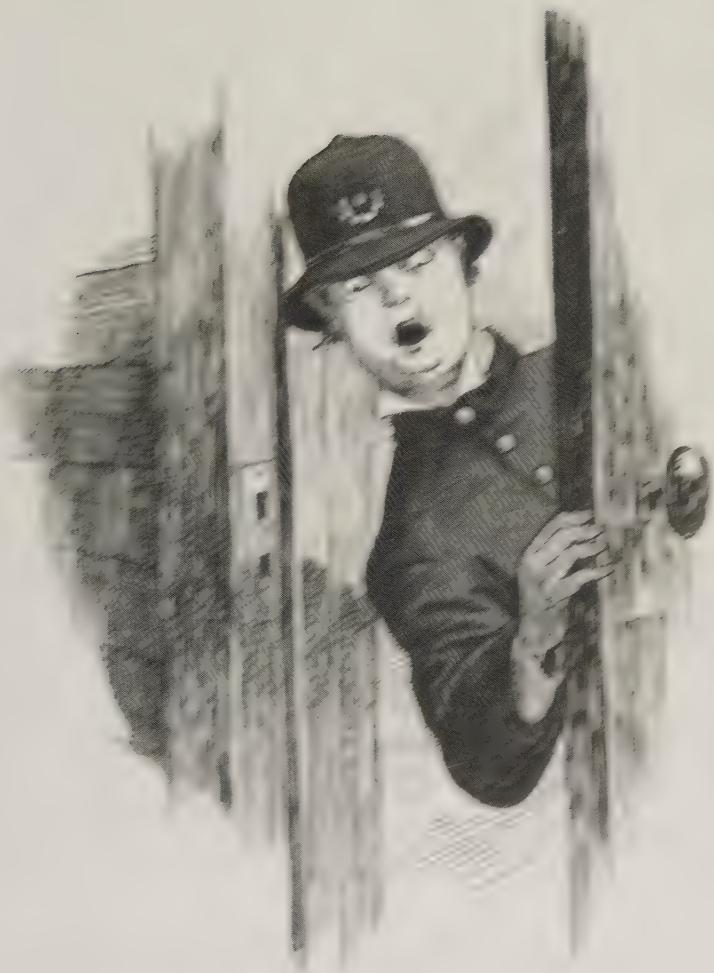
THE BUTTONS
ARE COMING
HURRAH! HURRAH!

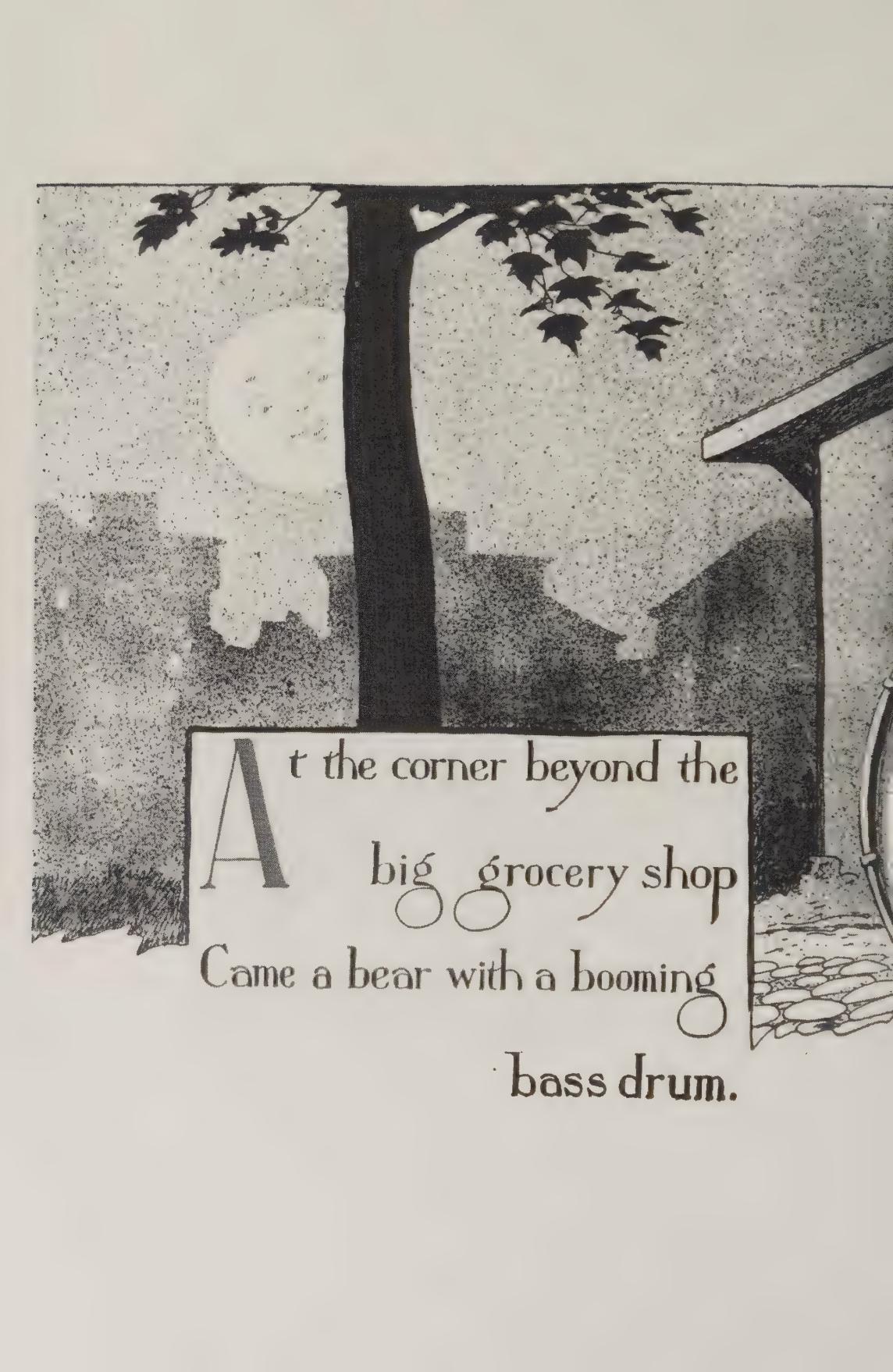


While the people went home
the round face of the sun
Winked and grinned as it
dropped by the hill,
As if knowing the things that
would happen that night
When the streets of the
town should be still.



Just at midnight the big fat
policeman looked out
From the house where he
got things to eat.
What he saw so surprised him
he fastened the door
And refused to go out in
the street.





At the corner beyond the
big grocery shop
Came a bear with a booming
bass drum.



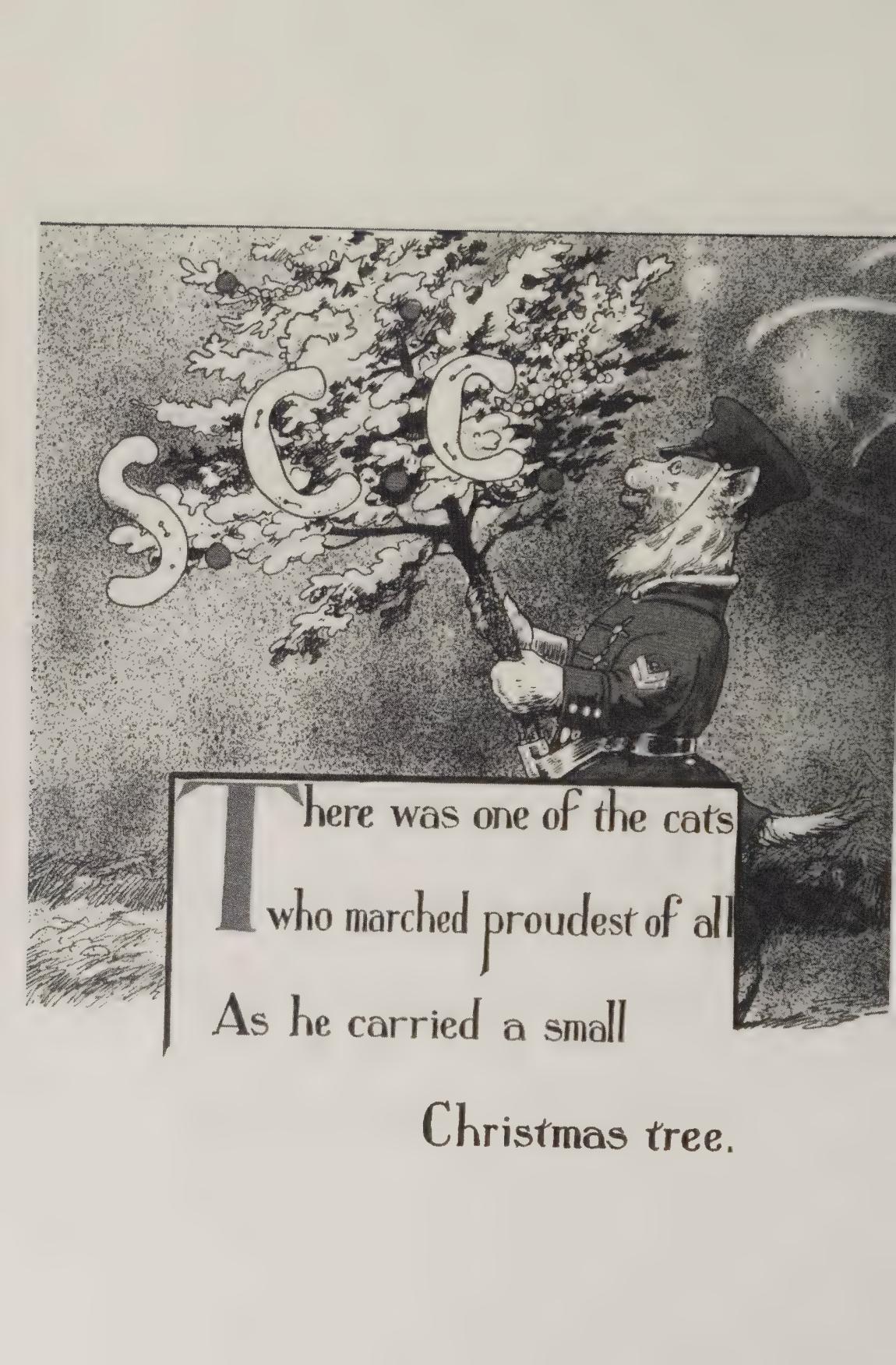
SFC
He was one of the burly
barbarian bears
And, I tell you, he pounded
it some!



Then there followed a torch-light procession of cats,
The Angoras, the tabbies
and others.

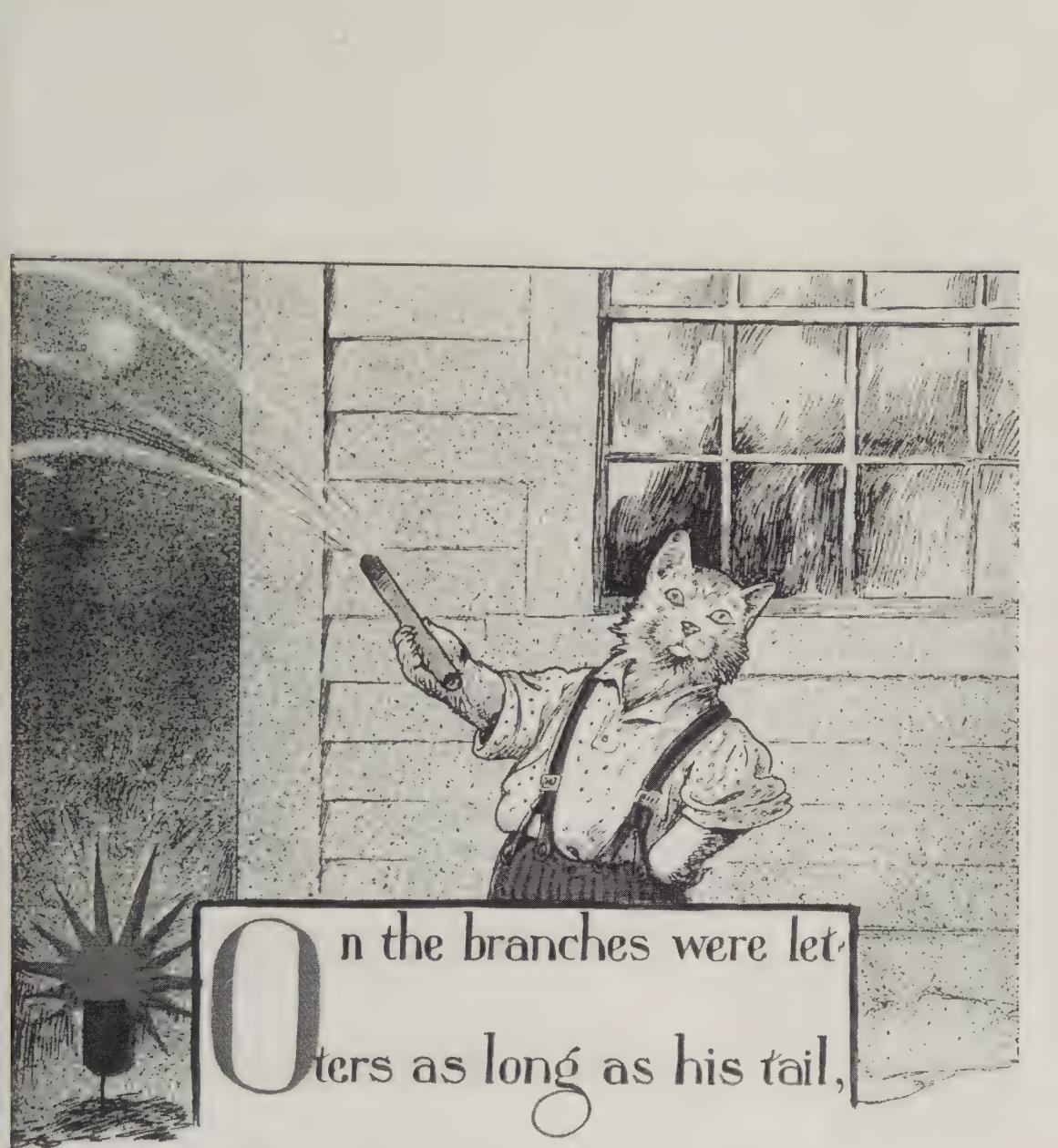


Not a quarrel among them,
but purry *miaouws*,
Just like gentlemen pussies
and brothers.

A black and white illustration of a cat in a military-style uniform marching with a small Christmas tree. The tree is decorated with large, stylized letters spelling 'S' and 'C'.

S C

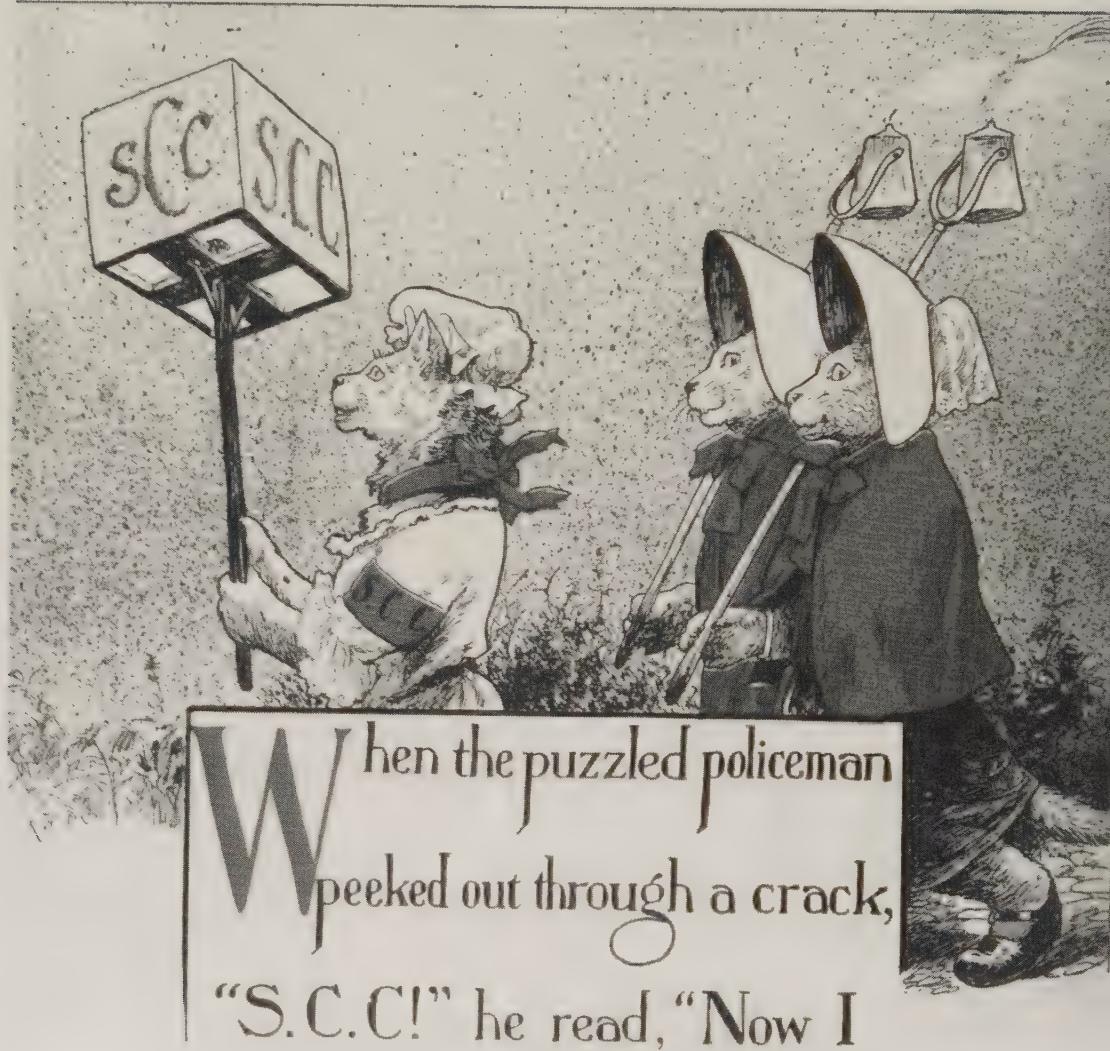
There was one of the cats
who marched proudest of all
As he carried a small
Christmas tree.



On the branches were let
ters as long as his tail,

And the letters were these:

S.C.C.



When the puzzled policeman
Peeked out through a crack,
"S.C.C!" he read, "Now I

think that's



Some society. Call it," he said, "for a guess, O' The Society of Curious Cats."



The whiterabbits came march-
ing, all wearing some belts
That were very becoming
and green,



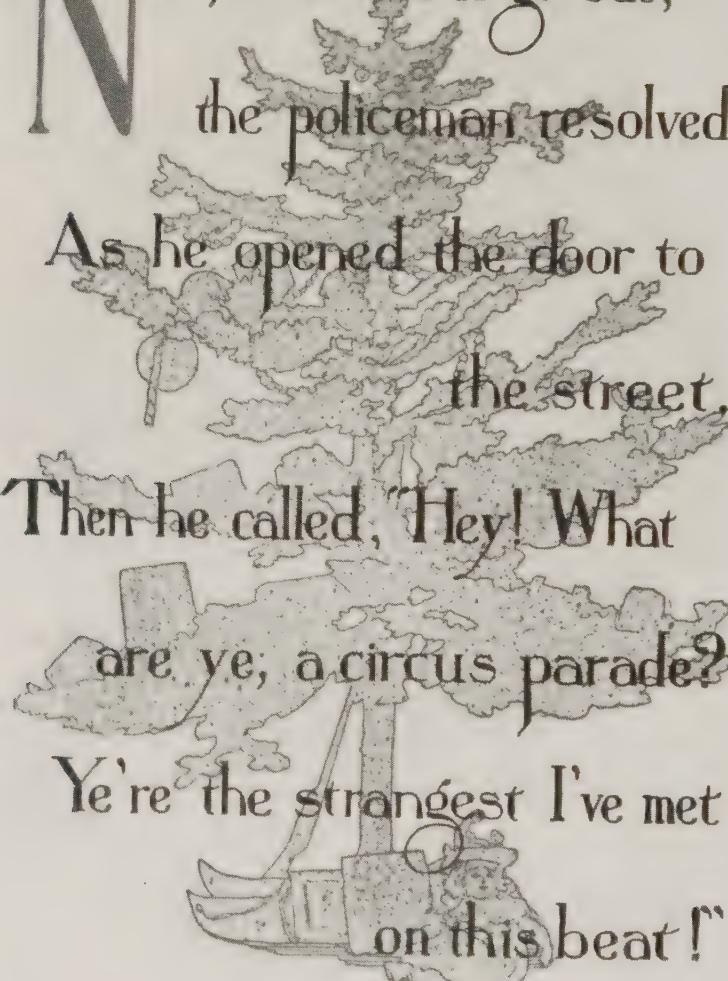
Made of holly, the leaves must
have tickled their ribs—

With the red berries show-

ing between.

Next, a reindeer whose horns bore
bright candles strode on
With an Eskimo boy on his
back.
"That's the first human creature
I've seen in the show,"
The policeman observed
at the crack.




"Now, I think I'll go out,"
the policeman resolved
As he opened the door to
the street,
Then he called, "Hey! What
are ye, a circus parade?
Ye're the strongest I've met
on this beat!"



The young Eskimo stopped
and slid off of the deer
And he answered, "You'll
please understand
We're the Santa Claus Club,
and we wish to elect
Santa President over
this land.



"We have Barrels of buttons
That's why we have come.

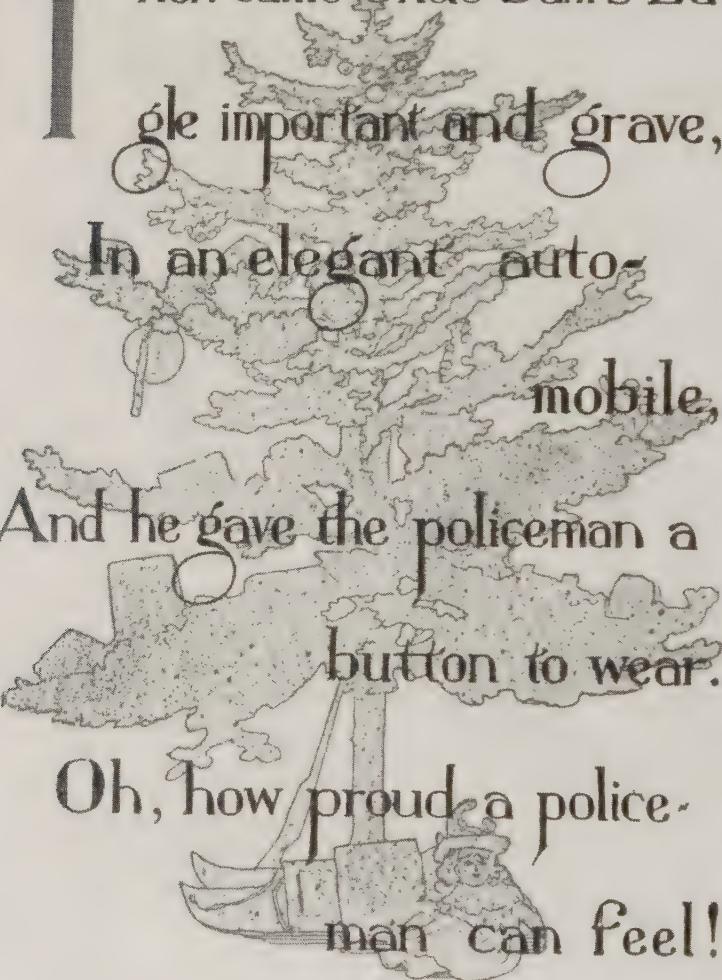
We'll supply all who wish
for them here.

Hurry up! This way, Eagle!"

the Eskimo called
And returned to his wait-
ing reindeer.



Then came Uncle Sam's Ear-
gle important and grave,
In an elegant auto-
mobile,
And he gave the policeman a
button to wear.
Oh, how proud a police-
man can feel!





The policeman now joined
the procession, and next
Came the boys and the girls
from all states.
These were followed by grown-ups
from all the whole land;
From the sea there were
skippers and mates.



Soon the noise in the streets
Roused the folks from their beds.
In great haste they all dressed
and ran out.
There were even some grandmas
who joined in the throng;
And the whole of them raised
such a shout!



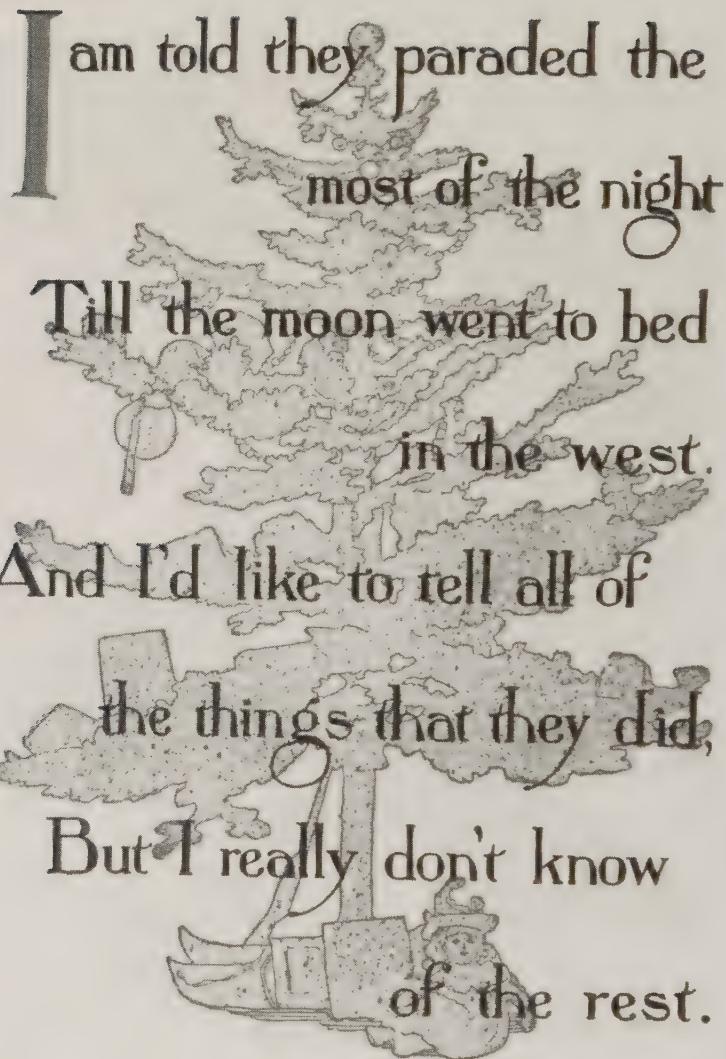
So the butcher and boker,
professor and dunce
Marched with whistling and
laughter and song.
Hip, hurrah for old Santa
Claus! Next President!
Hip, hurrah! Pass the but-
tons along!"



They paraded the street
with their files and their drums.
Tootle-toot-a-toot, rubaty-
dub!
And the chimney-sweep raced
with the doctor to be
First to join the new San-
ta Claus Club.

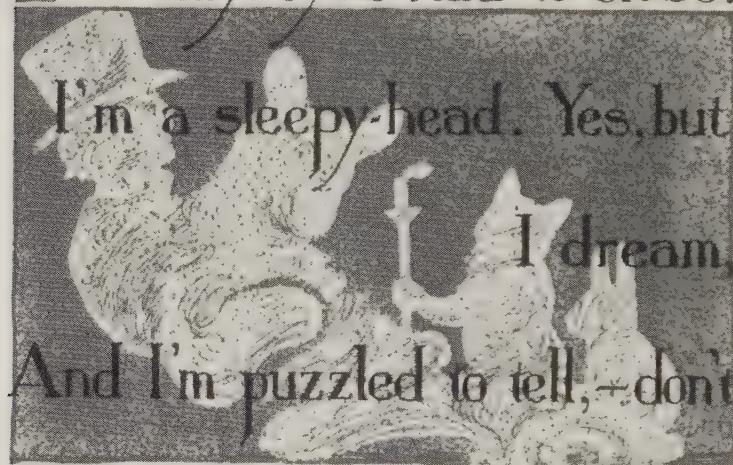


I am told they paraded the
most of the night
Till the moon went to bed
in the west.
And I'd like to tell all of
the things that they did,
But I really don't know
of the rest.



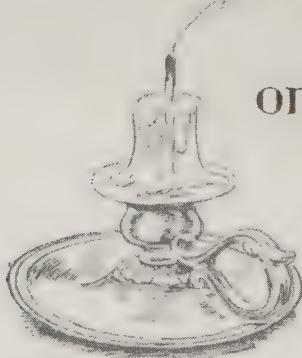


For, I'm sorry to say that
my eyes had to close.



I'm a sleepy-head. Yes, but
I dream.
And I'm puzzled to tell, - don't
you know how it is? -

What is real and what
only may seem.



Made in United States
North Haven, CT
07 February 2022



15801713R00048

PQA633460



W9-BSS-988

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ISBN 9781477504215



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